SHIKWAH, JAWAB-I-SHIKWAH
(REPRESENTATION AND REPLY)

English Rendering, Transliteration with Comparative Urdu Text

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DEDICATION

To Raja Hasan Akhtar,
my father and spiritual guide
who inspired me with the thoughts of Iqbal,
I dedicate this work with pride

PREFACE

I know Sultan Zahur Akhtar since his childhood. His father, late Raja Hasan Akhtar, was a close friend of Allama Iqbal. His relationship with the family allowed young Zahur Akhtar to become a part of the household and to imbibe the ideas and message of Iqbal's poetry at an early age. Later on, after the death of Iqbal, Zahur continued his studies under the able guidance of his father who inculcated in him a sense of the sacred, love for his religion and for his homeland. These qualities manifested in his services for the Pakistan movement, his unflinching and life long devotion to his religion and community and the interest he maintained in literary activities throughout his professional career. He has written in Urdu, Panjabi, Pothohari and English. Iqbal's poetry has always been the center of his interests. Lately, he has prepared this translation of Iqbal's *Shikwa* and *Jawab-i-Shikwa.* These poems of Iqbal have always captured the imagination of the men of letters and thus, over the years, have seen many translations. Zahur's attempt is unique in that it not only gives an English rendering of these poems but provides a transliteration of the Urdu text as well which caters to the needs of a large readership, living in the West, who are no longer able to read the Urdu text. I hope it would be a welcome and useful addition to the growing literature on Iqbal and the translations of his works

(Javid Iqbal)

INTRODUCTION

Most of Iqbal's mature poetry defies translation. More it defies, the more it attracts the attention of men of letters interested in his poetry who cherish a desire to convey his message to a large prospective readership which is not able to read his poetry in its original Urdu or Persian version. It is particularly true of his famous poems *Shikwah* and *Jawab-i-Shikwah* as well as of his master piece *Masjid-i-Qurtubah*. The former two poems, which together provide a unified vision of the predicament of the Muslim Ummah vis-a-vis its historical situation, have always been read as a single conceptual unit and have usually been translated together. Over the years there have been several attempts to render these poems into English verse and prose. As early as 1934 Altaf Husain published his versified English rendering of *Shikwah* and *Jawab-i-Shikwah* entitled *Iqbal's Complaint and Answer* (Orientalia, Lahore) which went into two subsequent editions of 1948, 1954 partly for its quality of translation and partly because there were no rivals on the scene. A.J. Arberry was the next to prepare a translation of the poems in English verse (Shaikh Ashraf, rept. 1987, Lhr.) He knew very little Urdu and had to rely on the prose rendering provided to him by Mazharud Din Siddiqi. This obvious drawback seriously impaired the quality of the translation making it much inferior to his other translations of Iqbal.

Nawab S. Mahmood Ali Khan Tyro translated the poems under the title *"Remonstrance"* and *"Response to Remonstrance"* (Iqbal Academy, Hyderabad) and published it along with the Urdu text. This attempt was not able to improve upon the earlier endeavors.

Khushwant Singh — novelist, journalist and historian — persuaded by the chancellor of Jamia Urdu, Aligarh, undertook to translate the poems in 1981. The publication was presented with the Urdu text in *nasta'liq* and Devanagri Script. It was a success and saw three more editions in the following ten years. In his *Iqbal – A selection of the Urdu Verse* (S.O.A.S. University of London, 1993) David Mathews translated *Shikwah* also. It was in English Prose and lacked the charm and accuracy of the earlier translations.

All of these translations have their relative points of merit and demerit. There is room for improvement in each of these attempts which has less to do with the qualifications of the translators than the difficulty inherent in the task of capturing the historical and spiritual overtones of Iqbal's verse in translation as well as in successfully reproducing Iqbal's idiom, steeped as it is in Islamic lore, in a foreign language.

This realization has invited many other scholars to take up the challenge. Several projects are at different stages of completion. Sultan Zahur Akhtar is the first of these men of letters who have tried to accept this daunting challenge again and has produced an English translation of *Shikwah* and *Jawab-i-Shikwah*. His long association with Iqbal's family, his knowledge of both the languages and his understanding of the salient historical and religious motifs of Iqbal's poetry afford him the possibility to do it from a vantage point. If the early birds have their privileges the scholars working at the end of the day have advantages as well. They can enrich their efforts by the experiences and endeavors made by others who had gone before them.

A translation seldom surpasses the original in the case of classics of poetry. At the most it can aspire to come near the original as best as it can. If it succeeds in remaining faithful to the original and in capturing a reasonably readable style and idiom it can find its place in the ranks of authentic and acceptable representations of the original message. The translation presented here may not be declared as the best but it has its own merits that secures for it a special place in the growing literature of Iqbal translations. Apart from this the volume includes a transliteration of the Urdu text which is particularly useful for the readers who are interested in Iqbal's poetry but can not read the Urdu script. We hope that it would be helpful for a wider dissemination and better awareness of Iqbal's message.

(Dr. Waheed Quraishi)

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Allama Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal is the Poet, thinker and philosopher of Islam. He is the thinker and originator of the Ideology of Pakistan. His poetry, in stages, turned from romance into Indian Nationalism and then, through study and immense love for the Prophet of Islam, was Islamacised. Finally, through his revolutionary and fantastic ideas, it turned, into Pan-Islamism.

He is not only regarded as a "symbol" in Pakistan but is also a mark in the World of Islam. In the first four decades of the 20th century, through his poetry in Urdu, Persian, and English prose, he has given constructive thinking to the youth of the sub continent and Islam. His verses and ideology (which has been translated in many languages) is ever lasting. He is thus living, and will always live in future. Accordingly, as "Zinda Rud", i.e. "ever living" or "ever lasting", in his poetry he thus is the poet, thinker and the philosopher of tomorrow, and of any devolution any where in the Muslim World.

My late father Raja Hasan Akhtar, in 1924 AD, met him in Lahore as a student. Later in his life, as a civil servant, he remained his associate till his demise on April 21, 1938. In fact he was on his bed side. That night at about 00-30 hr's he whined about pain in his chest. My father wanted, through a doctor present there, that he may have a pain killer or a tranqualizer. On that the Allama replied

that he did not want to die in coma. In fact he wanted to face death boldly in his senses. He then recited his Persian verses to him.

Nishānē marde momin bā tu gōyam,
chūṇ marg āyed tabassum bar labē ūst.

To you I reveal, true and devoted Muslim's sign
While death accosts, smilingly, wends to the Divine.

At about 3.30 AM he again complained about a terrific pain in his chest and requested my father to bring Hakim Qarashy who was his physician. Before my father left he recited him his Persian verse which is in the book complied after his demise, *Armughān-e-Ḥijāz.*

Sarūde rafta bāz āyed kē nāyed,
Nasime az Ḥijāz āyed kē nāyed.
Sar āmad rūzgārē iṇ faqirē,
Digar dānā'ē rāz āyed kē nāyed.

The past tune of Lyre, may come or not,
Nerving breeze of Hijaz may come or not.
The time of this humble has consummated,
That, intimate of the un known, may come or not.

At about 4.30 AM he recited the *"Kalima"* and with an eternal smile on his lips, expired. His head spontaneously turned towards holy Ka'bah.

During 1934-38 my father was posted at Lahore. After his demise he got himself posted out of Lahore. During

these four years we lived near his house "Javid Manzil". In this period I became acquainted with his son Javid Iqbal, a handsome boy, few years older to me. This age difference never was or is a hindrance in mutual respect and understanding amongst us.

Myself and my two brothers were named by Allama Iqbal. He named me, Zahur Akhtar, younger to me Mahmud Akhtar and the last, Masud Akhtar. During our stay at Lahore I was a constant visitor to Javid at Javid Manzil. I remember Iqbal to be a very kind and considerate person full of love and feeling for the children and the youth of Islam. He called them Javid, Shaheen and Falcons in his works. He was kind and liked my association with Javid.

My tutelage has been from Hissar, Lahore, Sheikhupura and from Punjab University. Later I joined Mulsim University Aligarh where from I did my Bachelors degree in Science. Here the daily conversation was mostly done in Urdu. I was a sports man and a good student. There I took part in the Pakistan movement in 1945-46. I have been awarded Gold medal for the services then by the Government in 1990. Later I joined Engineering College Moghalpura and qualified in Civil Engineering in 1949. In early fifties I joined Punjab irrigation Department as Sub Divisional Officer. I did not like the civil life and went into the army where I served up to December 1964. In October

1964 my father died and I asked for the retirement which was granted.

Since then, from 1964 to date i.e. 1996, I am busy doing social work in my native place Kahuta. As a student of Iqbal and other masters, I have written several articles on Engineering, Social Welfare, Hobbies, History of the Sub Continent, Politic and Literature in English, Urdu, Potohari and Punjabi in different International, National and Regional magazines and daily papers. I am also an author of three Urdu prose works, one Urdu poetry, one Potohari and one Punjabi mystic poetry books. After 1965, during civil life I held several appointments and was member of many boards and committees in the subjects mentioned above. I have been a member of Markazia Majlis-i-Iqbal and Member of Markazi Majlis-i-Tehrik-i-Karkunan-i-Pakistan. Now I am President of Majlis-i-Karkunan-i-Tehrik-i-Pakistan, Islamabad and Rawalpindi Division.

I, as such, have attended several conferences and seminars abroad, due to association with Iqbal and Pakistan, at times I was asked to preside over Iqbal days, Pakistan Days and Quaid Azam's birth anniversaries. On all these occasions a reference to Iqbal's poetry and recitation of his verses becomes essential. After these meetings, the younger generation of Pakistanis living abroad who have been born there and cannot read or write Urdu complained that they can understand Urdu poetry of the mas-

ters but cannot read it in Urdu Script. They desired that if some one could transliterate Iqbal's and other master's poetry and works, so that it could be beneficial to them. Taking this in view I decided to translate the Urdu version of *Shikwah*, "Representations" and *Jawāb-i-Shikwah*, "reply", both written by Iqbal, in about the first decade of this century, in Roman Urdu as first venture for them. This language "Roman Urdu" I had read in the army in early fifties. In those years, some of British Officers and Non Commissioned Officers were still present in my "Corps of Engineers" where I was an Officer. Therefore my style of transliteration into the Roman Urdu is that of the Army. I was, however, advised to adhere to the transliteration code developed by the IRI, Islamabad, which is included in the following pages. While turning with the melody of these verses, I being a meek poet, in the rhythm started rendering these into English poetry also.

During this period in a meeting of the Markazia Majlis-i-Iqbal at Lahore, I had the occasion of meeting Dr. Waheed Qureshi, Director Iqbal Academy, Lahore. He very kindly applauded my efforts translating Iqbal's poetry. He advised me to read the English versions of three noted scholars: Mr. Altaf Hussain, the Editor of *Dawn*, a Prominent Journalist, who translated the works in remarkable English in 1943. It was published by Sh. Muhammad Ashraf from Lahore. This I had read while I was a student of Aligarh University. The second, was by

Prof. A. J. Arberry, in 1955. He was Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University. This also has been published by Sh. Muhammad Ashraf. The third, has been by Mr. Khushwant Singh. He is a famous scholar as well as a politician in India. This has been published by Oxford Press in 1981. He has given Hindi version in his book of the verses also.

I read all the three versions with devotion. The style of poetry of the three gentlemen is different from one an other. These learned personalities with sentiments have done salient job. I do not consider myself qualified to comment on the excellent work they have done. My own poetry is *"Chār Harfi"* or *"Rubā'i"* therefore I have adopted that style which is more expository and is adopted by Mr. Altaf Hussain also. I can humbly point out about them that their idiom is not Urdu. Mr. Altaf Hussain is a Bengali, Mr. A.J. Arberry is a British, Mr. Khushwant Singh is a Hindi. All these noted souls might have read Urdu but have limited erudition in it. In fact during their noted work they must have taken help of some one who converted Iqbal's verses of Urdu into their dialect before they could translate it. Thus at many places the spirit and words of expressions of the verse in their noble thinking appears to be lacking. I would humbly yeild that I have an edge on all of these learned dignitaries because of, naming by Iqbal, education, age, consistent study, knowledge and the following facts,

a. I am a Pakistani, my national language is Urdu.

b. As a youngster I heard verses of Iqbal, their necessity and meanings from my father. I also had read *Shikwah*, and *Jawāb-i-Shikwah*, many times at home. As such I am akin to the spirit and the emotion of these verses.

c. I was educated at Muslim University Aligarh where Urdu has been the medium of conversation. Thus the message of this language is part of myself.

e. I have an immense study of Urdu and English Poetry of the mavens and I also have written in both myself.

In this book, on a single page, I have presented Iqbal's original verse in Urdu, transliterated these and then rendered them into English Poetry. I hope my humble effort will be appreciated by those who desired the translation. In this venture I have been ably guided and advised by Dr. Waheed Quraishi, for which I am indebted. Mohammad Suheyl Umar has been kind to check and advise on the transliteration and English poetry of this work for which I am obliged. My son Mobeen Akhtar Advocate went through the draft and helped me in computer printing. My wife Yasmin discussed with me the meaning and the spirit of Iqbal's verses. To both I am thankful.

Kahuta
27-11-1996

Sultan Zahur Akhtar.

TRANSLITERATION TABLE

ء medial	:	'	ف	:	f	بھ	:	bh
ء final	:	'	ق	:	q	پھ	:	ph
ء initial	:	not expressed	ک	:	k	ٹھ	:	ṭh
ا	:	a	گ	:	g	تھ	:	t̲h̲
ب	:	b	ل	:	l	جھ	:	jh
پ	:	p	م	:	m	چھ	:	c̲h̲
ت	:	t	ن	:	n	دھ	:	d̲h̲
ٹ	:	t̲	ں	:	ṇ	ڈھ	:	ḍh
ث	:	th	و	:	w	کھ	:	k̲h̲
ج	:	j	ہ	:	h	گھ	:	g̲h̲
چ	:	ch	ة	:	ah (e.g. sunnah)			
ح	:	ḥ	ـۃ	:	at (in construct form e.g. sunnat al-Rasūl)			
خ	:	kh	ی	:	y			
د	:	d	ال	:	al- ('l in construct form e.g. Abū'l)			
ڈ	:	d̲						
ذ	:	dh						
ر	:	r						
ڑ	:	ṛ						
ز	:	z						
ژ	:	z̲						
س	:	s						
ش	:	sh						
ص	:	ṣ						
ض	:	ḍ						
ط	:	ṭ						
ظ	:	ẓ						
ع	:	'						
غ	:	gh						

VOWELS				DIPTHONGS		
Short	ـَ	:	a	ـَ و	:	aw
	ـِ	:	i	ـَ ی	:	ay
	ـُ	:	u	ـَ ے	:	ae
Long	ـَا	:	ā	Double		
	ـِی	:	ī	ـُ وّ	:	uwwa
	ـُو	:	ū	ـِ یّ	:	iyya
	او	:	ō	ـَ نّ	:	anna
	اے	:	ē			

عطف : -o- (اردو / فارسی)

اضافت : -i- (اردو / فارسی)

SHIKWAH

(REPRESENTATION)

1. *Kiyūṇ ziyāṇkār banūṇ sūd farāmōsh rahūṇ*
Fikr-i-fardā na karūṇ maḥw-i-gham-i-dōsh raḥūṇ
Nālē bulbul kē sunūṇ awr hamatan gōsh rahūṇ
Hamnawā maēṇ bhi kō'i gul hūṇ keh khāmōsh rahūṇ
Jur'at āmōz mēri tāb-i-sukhan hāe mujh kō
Shikwah Allāh sē khākam badahan hāe mujh kō

Why should I suffer loss,
And abstain to quest what avail I may?
Nor image of what tomorrow retains,
And despond over sorrows of yesterday?

Why should my ears entrenched hear,
The doleful cries of the nightingale?
O fellow - bard! a posy am I,
To loose me in sweet music's dilate?

For I too have the gift of note,
Which gives me mettle to complain.
But alas! it is Creator Himself.
To whom in gloom I must explain!

کیوں زیاں کار بنوں سود فراموش رہوں
فکرِ فردا نہ کروں محوِ غمِ دوش رہوں
نالے بلبل کے سنوں اور ہمہ تن گوش رہوں
ہم نوا میں بھی کوئی گل ہوں کہ خاموش رہوں
جرأت آموز مری تابِ سخن ہے مجھ کو
شکوہ اللہ سے خاکم بدہن ہے مجھ کو

Hē bajā Shēwa-i-taslim mēṇ mashūr haeṇ ham
Qiṣṣa-i-dard sunātē haeṇ keh majbūr haeṇ ham
Sāz-i-khāmōsh haeṇ faryād sē ma'mūr haeṇ ham
Nālā ātā hae agar lab pē, tō ma'dhūr haeṇ ham
Ae khudā Shikwa-i-arbāb-i-wafā bhi sun lē
Khūgar-i-hamd sē ṯhōṛā sa gilā bhi sun lē

I grant that we have earned the name,
As ever conforming to the fate.
But to there still a tale of pain,
I can no longer help relate.

We are like a silent lute,
Whose cords have painful voice;
While anguish, distends on the lips,
We cry, have no choice.

O Lord! hear thou, these sad wails
From those of established fidelity;
From lips wonted but to hail
Hear thou these words openly!

ہے بجا شیوۂ تسلیم میں مشہور ہیں ہم
قصۂ درد سناتے ہیں کہ مجبور ہیں ہم
سازِ خاموش ہیں، فریاد سے معمور ہیں ہم
نالہ آتا ہے اگر لب پہ تو معذور ہیں ہم
اے خدا! شکوۂ اربابِ وفا بھی سن لے
خوگرِ حمد سے تھوڑا سا گلا بھی سن لے

3. *Ṯhī tō mawjūd azal sē hī tirī dhāt-i-qadīm*
Phūl ṯhā zēb-i-chaman par na parēshāṉ ṯhī shamīm
Sharṭ inṣāf hae 'ae ṣāḥib-i-alṭāf-i-'amīm
Bū'-i-gul phaeltī kis ṭarh jō hōtī na nasīm
Ham kō jam'iyyat-i-khāṭir yē parīshānī thī
Warna ummāt tirē maḥbūb kī dīwānī ṯhī

From when endless time began,
Thy dateless Self had also been;
But then no breeze its aroma stretch
The blossom ruled as garden's queen

Thyself being just, should concede,
O Best! from whom all favours flow,
Wether breeze had not moiled in love
Thy aroma the people would not know?

The joyous labor we quested for Thee
Rejoiced our spirits and was our vanity.
Imagine Thou the disciples of Thy confidant
Deftly spread, so wide the truth of Thee.

تھی تو موجود ازل سے ہی تری ذاتِ قدیم
پھول تھا زیبِ چمن پر نہ پریشاں تھی شمیم

شرطِ انصاف ہے اے صاحبِ الطافِ عمیم
بوئے گل پھیلتی کس طرح جو ہوتی نہ نسیم

ہم کو جمعیتِ خاطر یہ پریشانی تھی
ورنہ اُمت ترے محبوب کی دیوانی تھی؟

4. *Ham sē pehlē thā 'ajab tērē jahāṇ kā manẓar*
Kahīṇ masjūd thē paththar, kahīṇ ma'būd shajar
Khūgar-i-paēkar-i-maḥsūs thī insāṇ kī naẓar
Māntā phir kō'ī andhēkhē khudā kō kiyūṇkar
Tujh kō ma'lūm hē lētā thā kō'ī nām tirā
Quwwat-i-bāzū-i-muslim nēṇ kiyā kām tirā

Before we arrived, how strange was a view
Was this most comely world of Thine!
To the stones Idols, the humans bowed,
And to the Trees they succumbed sometime!

The human mind was unenlightened
And to believe in God, one couldn't see.
It's known that, no one uttered Thy name
And also knew, nor worshiped Thee!

And you know that even once
No one did Thy name recite?
It was the strength of Muslim arms
That met Thy task and gave them light.

ہم سے پہلے تھا عجب تیرے جہاں کا منظر
کہیں مسجود تھے پتھر، کہیں معبود شجر
خوگرِ پیکرِ محسوس تھی انساں کی نظر
مانتا پھر کوئی اَن دیکھے خدا کو کیونکر
تجھ کو معلوم ہے لیتا تھا کوئی نام ترا؟
قوتِ بازوئے مسلم نے کیا کام ترا

5. *Bas rahē thē yahiṇ saljūq bhī, tūrānī bhī*
Ehl-i-chīṇ chīn mēṇ, īrān mēṇ sāsānī bhī
Isī ma'mūrē mēṇ, ābād thē yūnānī bhī
Isī dunyā mēṇ yahūdī bhī thē naṣrānī bhī
Par tirē nām pe talwār uṯhā'ī kis nēṇ
Bāt jō bigṛī hu'ī thī wo banā'ī kis nēṇ

On this earth, once lived,
The Saljuks and Turanians.
In China dwelt the Chinese,
And in Iran the Sassanians.

And in Thy peopled world anywhere
The Greeks of Greece held their sway,
While Jews were along with them
The Christians also held their day.

Which amongst these people raised
The cutting sword in holy cause.
And who strove to fight the wrong,
And set the world with Thy laws?

بس رہے تھے یہیں سلجوق بھی تُورانی بھی
اہلِ چیں چین میں، ایران میں ساسانی بھی

اسی معمورے میں آباد تھے یونانی بھی
اسی دنیا میں یہودی بھی تھے، نصرانی بھی

پر ترے نام پہ تلوار اُٹھائی کس نے
بات جو بگڑی ہوئی تھی، وہ بنائی کس نے

6. *Ṯhē hamiṇ ēk tirē ma'rakā ārā'ōṇ mēṇ*
Khushkiyōṇ mēṇ kabhi laṛtē kabhi daryā'ōṇ mēṇ
Diṇ adhānēṇ kabhi yōrap kē kalisā'ōṇ mēṇ
Kabhi afriqa ke taptē hu'ē ṣehrā'ōṇ mēṇ
Shān āṇkhōṇ mēṇ na jachti ṭhi jahāṇdārōṇ ki
Kalimah paṛhtē ṯhē ham chā'ōṇ mēṇ talwārōṇ ki

It was we alone who marched
As warriers, none else but, we.
And upon the land we also fought,
And battled upon the sea.

Our Azan's call rang out
In Churches of European lands.
And made this magic tune,
Over Africa's blazing sands.

The glamour of our conquerors
Regal glories were disdained.
Under the shade of flashing swords
The *"Kalima"* was proclaimed.

تھے ہمیں ایک ترے معرکہ آراؤں میں
خشکیوں میں کبھی لڑتے کبھی دریاؤں میں
دیں اذانیں کبھی یورپ کے کلیساؤں میں
کبھی افریقہ کے تپتے ہوئے صحراؤں میں
شان آنکھوں میں نہ جچتی تھی جہاں داروں کی
کلمہ پڑھتے تھے ہم چھاؤں میں تلواروں کی

7. *Ham jō jitē the to jaṇgōṇ ki muṣibat kē liyē*
Awr martē thē tirē nām ki 'aẓmat kē liyē
Thi na kuch tēgh zani apni hukōmat kē liyē
Sar bakaf phirte thē kiya dahr mēṇ dawlat kē liyē
Qawm apni jō zar-o-māl-i-jahān par marti
But farōshi ke 'iwaḍ but shikani kiyōṇ Karti

We lived then, only to face,
The distress of Thy wars;
To eulogize Thy name we perished,
Decorated with battle scars.

Not to win an empire for ourselves,
We drew our swords and inspired.
We roamed hand in glove with death,
Not for earthly riches, we desired.

Our plebeians, if had striven,
For worldly riches and gold.
The Idols could never be smashed
Instead they could be sold.

ہم جو جیتے تھے تو جنگوں کی مصیبت کے لیے
اور مرتے تھے ترے نام کی عظمت کے لیے
تھی نہ کچھ تیغ زنی اپنی حکومت کے لیے
سر بکف پھرتے تھے کیا دہر میں دولت کے لیے؟
قوم اپنی جو زر و مالِ جہاں پر مرتی
بُت فروشی کے عوَض بُت شکنی کیوں کرتی!

8. *Ṭal na saktē ṭhē agar jang mēṇ aṛ jātē ṭhē*
Pā'ōṇ shērōṇ ke bhi maydāṇ se ukhaṛ jātē ṭhi
Tujh sē sarkash kō'i to bigaṛ jātē ṭhē
Tēgh kiyā chiz hu'ā, ham tōp se laṛ jātē ṭhē
Naqsh tawḥid kā har dil pe biṯẖāyā ham nēṇ
Zēr-i-khanjar bhi yeh payghām sunāyā ham nēṇ

In the fray we stood our ground
And did not yield nor dread;
The lion hearted enemies were,
Uprooted in the battle and fled.

And those who rose against,
Our swift, grim anger faced.
What cared we, for their sabers,
Their canons we debased.

On human heart we set Thy seal,
Thy oneness "Tawhid" we impress.
And beneath the daggers point,
Proclaimed your message with stress.

ٹل نہ سکتے تھے اگر جنگ میں اڑ جاتے تھے
پاؤں شیروں کے بھی میداں سے اُکھڑ جاتے تھے
تجھ سے سرکش ہُوا کوئی تو بگڑ جاتے تھے
تیغ کیا چیز ہے، ہم توپ سے لڑ جاتے تھے
نقشِ توحید کا ہر دل پہ بٹھایا ہم نے
زیرِ خنجر بھی یہ پیغام سُنایا ہم نے

9. *Tū hi kaeh dē ke ukhāṛā dar-i-khaybar kis nēṇ*
Shehr qayṣar ka jo ṯhā us kō kiyā sar kis nēṇ
Tōṛē makhlūq khudāwandoṇ ke paekar kis nēṇ
Kāṯ kar rakh di'ē kuffār kē lashkar kis nēṇ
Kis nēṇ ṯhandā kiyā ātashkada-i-irāṇ kō
Kis ne phir zindā kiyā tadhkira-i-yazdāṇ kō

Tell, whose fierce valor once
Uprooted the gates of Khyber?
Who were they who reduced to nothing
The proudest capital of Caesar?

Who razed to dust the fake gods,
The things of straw, and clay?
And who cut to pieces the infidels
And destroyed their armies to slay?

And who quenched and cooled
The sacred flame in Iran?
And in that land told again
The story of "Yazdan"?

تُو ہی کہہ دے کہ اُکھاڑا درِ خیبر کس نے
شہرِ قیصر کا جو تھا اُس کو کیا سر کس نے
توڑے مخلوق خداوندوں کے پیکر کس نے
کاٹ کر رکھ دیے کُفّار کے لشکر کس نے
کس نے ٹھنڈا کیا آتشکدۂ ایراں کو؟
کس نے پھر زندہ کیا تذکرۂ یزداں کو؟

10. *Kawn si qawm faqat tēri ṭalabgār hu'i*
Awr tērē liyē zaḥmat kasha-i-paekār hu'i
Kis ki shamshir jahāṇgir, jahāṇdār hu'i
Kis ki takbir sē dunyā tiri baedār hu'i
Kis ki haebat sē ṣamam sehmē hu'ē rehtē ṯhē
Muṇh kē bal gir kē hu Allahu aḥad kehtē ṯhē

Which was the nation, there
Who needed Thee, as we sought?
Or fought the battles and the wars
That Thy super will be brought?

Whose conquering sword spread
The might of one and all?
And who stirred the mankind
With *"Takbeer"* clarion call?

Whose fear made stone Idols
Into fearful submission?
They fell on face submitting,
Admitting, God is one, only one!

کون سی قوم فقط تیری طلبگار ہوئی

اور تیرے لیے زحمت کشِ پیکار ہوئی

کس کی شمشیر جہاں گیر، جہاں دار ہوئی

کس کی تکبیر سے دنیا تری بیدار ہوئی

کس کی ہیبت سے صنم سہمے ہوئے رہتے تھے

مُنہ کے بَل گر کے ھُوَ اللّٰہُ اَحَد کہتے تھے

11. *Ā giyā 'aen laṛā'ī mēṇ agar waqt-i-namāz*
Qibla rū hō kē zamiṇ bōs hu'ī qawm-i-ḥijāz
Ēk hī ṣaf mēṇ khaṛē hō ga'ē maḥmūd-o-ayāz
Na ko'ī banda rahā awr na ko'ī banda nawāz
Banda-o-ṣāḥib-o-muḥtāj-o-ghanī ēk hu'ē
Tērī sarkār mēṇ pohnchē to sabhī ēk hu'ē

In the midst of battle, hour came,
The time, every one went for pray.
Men of "Hijaz", turned to Ka'aba,
Kissed the earth, and quit from fray.

The king Mahmood and slave Ayaz,
In file, as equals they stood arrayed.
The ruler was no more a master
When both, to one Lord they prayed.

Slave or master, the poor or rich,
No intent of dissent was felt.
Unified in adoration was to each,
O Lord! before Thee when they knelt.

آ گیا عین لڑائی میں اگر وقتِ نماز
قبلہ رُو ہو کے زمیں بوس ہوئی قومِ حجاز

ایک ہی صف میں کھڑے ہو گئے محمود و ایاز
نہ کوئی بندہ رہا اور نہ کوئی بندہ نواز

بندہ و صاحب و محتاج و غنی ایک ہوئے
تیری سرکار میں پہنچے تو سبھی ایک ہوئے

12. *Meḥfil-i-kawn-o-makāṇ mēṇ saḥar-o-shām phirē*
Mae-i-tawḥīd ko lē kar ṣifat-i-jām phirē
Koh mēṇ dasht mēṇ lē kar tirā paeghām phirē
Awr ma'lūm hae tujh kō kabhi nākām phirē
Dasht tō dasht haeṇ, daryā bhī na chōṛē ham nēṇ
Beḥr-i-ẓulmāt mēṇ dawṛā di'ē ghoṛē ham nēṇ

In the corridor of spell and stretch,
From morning to evening we spent.
Filled with the wine of Tauhid,
Like glasses around we went!

In planes and mountains we traversed
To spread Thy message, was our task.
On no occasion we failed Thee
That's the matter we ask.

Planes and deserts spanning,
We conquered rivers and seas
And on our steeds, we galloped
On oceans and their boundaries.

محفلِ کون و مکاں میں سحر و شام پھرے
مئے توحید کو لے کر صفتِ جام پھرے
کوہ میں، دشت میں لے کر ترا پیغام پھرے
اور معلوم ہے تجھ کو، کبھی ناکام پھرے!
دشت تو دشت ہیں، دریا بھی نہ چھوڑے ہم نے
بحرِ ظلمات میں دوڑا دیے گھوڑے ہم نے

13. *Safḥa-i-dahr sē bāṭil kō miṭāyā ham nēṇ*
Naw-i-insāṇ ko ghulāmi sē churāyā ham nēṇ
Tēre qur'ān ko sinōṇ se basāyā ham nēṇ
Tēre qur'ān ko sinōṇ se lagāyā ham nēṇ
Phir bhi ham sē ye gilā hae ke wafādār nahiṇ
Ham wafādār nahiṇ, tū bhi to dildār nahiṇ

We were who, doffed from this earth,
The pages, of falsehood stained.
We were who, from despot drudgery,
Got the human race unchained.

We were who, bowed our brows
To Thy Holy Ka'aba's shrine.
We were thorax held,
Qur'an Thy Book Divine.

Even so, Thou have accused
We have lurked, the ardent's part,
If unfaithful, we have been,
Did Thou have won our heart?

صفحۂ دہر سے باطل کو مٹایا ہم نے
نوعِ انساں کو غلامی سے چھڑایا ہم نے
تیرے کعبے کو جبینوں سے بسایا ہم نے
تیرے قرآں کو سینوں سے لگایا ہم نے
پھر بھی ہم سے یہ گلہ ہے کہ وفادار نہیں
ہم وفادار نہیں تُو بھی تو دلدار نہیں!

14. *Umatēṇ awr bhi haeṇ, un mēṇ gunāhgār bhi haeṇ*
'Ijz wālē bhi haeṇ, mast-i-ma'ē pindār bhi haeṇ
In mēṇ kāhil bhi haeṇ, ghāfil bhi haeṇ, hushyār bhi haeṇ
Saekṛōn haeṇ ke tirē nām sē bēzār bhi haeṇ
Reḥmatēṇ haeṇ tiri aghyār ke kāshanōn par
Barq girti hae to bēchārē musalmānoṇ par

There are people of other faiths,
In them some are the transgressors.
There are humble, lowly amongst them,
And drunk with pride are others.

In them are slugs, and neglectful,
And some are endowed with brain.
Many and hundred are the people,
Those who, despond Thy name.

Yet Thy bounties are being showered
On unbelievers and strangers all.
Only on the abodes of poor Muslims
Your fury, like lightning fall!

امتیں اور بھی ہیں، ان میں گنہگار بھی ہیں
عجز والے بھی ہیں، مست مئے پندار بھی ہیں

ان میں کاہل بھی ہیں، غافل بھی ہیں، ہشیار بھی ہیں
سیکڑوں ہیں کہ ترے نام سے بیزار بھی ہیں

رحمتیں ہیں تری اغیار کے کاشانوں پر
برق گرتی ہے تو بیچارے مسلمانوں پر

15. *But ṣanam khānōṇ mēṇ kehtē haeṇ musalmān ga'ē*
Hae khushi un ko ke ka'bē ke nigehbān ga'ē
Manzal-i-dahr sē ūṇṭōṇ ke ḥudi khān ga'ē
Apni baghlōṇ mēṇ dabā'ē huē qur'ān ga'ē
Khandazan kufr hae, iḥsās tujhē hae ke nahiṇ
Apni tawḥid ka kuch pās tujhē hae keh nahīn

Yell the idols in the temples
The Muslims are, for ever gone.
Triumphant, they are on their attainment
Guardians of Ka'aba are withdrawn.

From the canvas of the cosmos
The singing camel men have faded.
In the bosoms and their armpits
Clasping "Quran" have vacated.

Infidels smirk and snicker
Are Thou art even aware.
For the message of Thy "Tawhid"
Do Thou self even care.

بُت صنم خانوں میں کہتے ہیں مسلمان گئے

ہے خوشی ان کو کہ کعبے کے نگہبان گئے

منزلِ دہر سے اونٹوں کے حُدی خوان گئے

اپنی بغلوں میں دبائے ہوئے قرآن گئے

خندہ زن کفر ہے احساس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں

اپنی توحید کا کچھ پاس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں

16. *Yē shikāyat nahiṇ, haeṇ un kē khazāne ma'mūr*
Nahiṇ meḥfil mēṇ jinhēṇ bāt bhi karnēṇ kā shu'ūr
Qehr tō yē hae ke kāfir ko milēṇ ḥūr-o-quṣūr
Awr bēchārē musalmāṇ kō faqaṭ wa'da-i-ḥūr
Ab woh alṭaf nahiṇ, ham pe 'ināyāt nahiṇ
Bāt ye kiyā hae ke pehli si madārāt nahiṇ

Not that we brood and complain
Their riches and treasures overflow.
They, who have no modes or manners
Nor of prudish speech they know.

Infinite injustice, here and now are
Beauties and bounties, to infidels given.
And to poor Muslim are the promises
Of the houris when he goes to Heaven.

No favours and Thy kindness
Is shown and given any more.
What has happened, where is affection
Thouself showed, in past and yore.

یہ شکایت نہیں، ہیں اُن کے خزانے معمور
نہیں محفل میں جنھیں بات بھی کرنے کا شعور
قہر تو یہ ہے کہ کافر کو ملیں حور و قصور
اور بیچارے مسلماں کو فقط وعدۂ حور

اب وہ الطاف نہیں، ہم پہ عنایات نہیں
بات یہ کیا ہے کہ پہلی سی مدارات نہیں

17. *Kiyūn musalmāṇōṇ meṇ hae dewlat-i-dunyā nāyāb*
Tēri qudrat to he woh jiskī na ḥad hae na ḥisāb
Tū jo chāhē to u͟t͟h͟ē sina-i-ṣaḥrā se ḥubāb
Rahraw-i-desht hō saelī zada-i-mawj-i-sarāb
Ṭa'n-i-aghyār hae, ruswā'ī hae, nādārī hae
Kiyā tirē nām pe marnēṇ wālōṇ kā 'iwaḍ khārī hae

Why no more are worldly riches
And wealth amongst Muslims found.
Great is Thy might, beyond any limit
Has no measure or bound.

If Thouself willed foaming fountains
Could bubble from dusty land,
And Mirage-bound a traveler be
When walking through the sand.

All we own is taunts of aliens,
Public shame and poverty!
Is disgrace be our reparation,
For waiving life for Thee?

کیوں مسلمانوں میں ہے دولتِ دنیا نایاب
تیری قدرت تو ہے وہ جس کی نہ حد ہے نہ حساب
تُو جو چاہے تو اُٹھے سینۂ صحرا سے حباب
رہروِ دشت ہو سیلی زدۂ موجِ سراب
طعنِ اغیار ہے، رُسوائی ہے، ناداری ہے
کیا ترے نام پہ مرنے کا عوض خواری ہے؟

18. *Bani aghyār ki ab chāhnē wāli dunyā*
Reh ga'i apne li'ē ēk khayāli dunyā
Ham to rukhṣat hu'ē awrōṇ nē sambhāli dunyā
Phir na kehnā hu'i tawḥid se khāli dunyā
Ham to jitē haeṇ ke dunyā mēṇ tira nām rahē
Kahiṇ mumkin hae ke sāqi na rahē jām rahē

For strangers now the world stows,
The benevolence and esteem:
For those who move on Thy path,
Is a spectrum world and dream!

Others have taken over the World,
And our days are by gone and done.
Say not then, there is no "Tawhid,"
Or no one believed, God is one.

All we live for in the world,
To hear the recall of Thy name,
Can this ever be possible,
The "saqi" departs and cups remain.

بنی اغیار کی اب چاہنے والی دنیا
رہ گئی اپنے لیے ایک خیالی دنیا
ہم تو رخصت ہوئے اوروں نے سنبھالی دنیا
پھر نہ کہنا ہوئی توحید سے خالی دنیا
ہم تو جیتے ہیں کہ دنیا میں ترا نام رہے
کہیں ممکن ہے کہ ساقی نہ رہے جام رہے!

19. *Tēri meḥfil bhi ga'ī chāhnē walē bhi ga'ē*
Shab ki āhēṇ bhi ga'īṇ, ṣubḥ kē nālē bhi ga'ē
Dil tujhe dē bh'i ga'ē, apnā ṣilā lē bhi ga'ē
Ā ke bēṯhē bhi na ṯhē keh nikālē bhi ga'ē
Ā 'ē 'ushshāq, ga'ē wa'da-i-faradā lēkar
Ab inhēṇ ḏhūṇd charāgh-i-rukh-i-zēbā lēkar

Thy alive crowd is defused,
Thy livers too have gone.
Gone are mid night sighs,
And no moaning at dawn!

The hearts we offered and went
Took the wages Thee bestow.
But hardly had we been seated
Thouself ordered to go!

As devotees we had arrived
And went with promise of tomorrow.
Now search for us with the light
That Thy beaming face does glow!

تیری محفل بھی گئی، چاہنے والے بھی گئے
شب کی آہیں بھی گئیں، صبح کے نالے بھی گئے
دل تجھے دے بھی گئے، اپنا صلا لے بھی گئے
آکے بیٹھے بھی نہ تھے اور نکالے بھی گئے
آئے عُشاق، گئے وعدۂ فردا لے کر
اب اُنھیں ڈھونڈ چراغِ رُخِ زیبا لے کر

20. *Dard-i-laelā bhi wohi, qaes ka pehlū bhi wohi*
Najd kē dasht-o-jabal mēṇ ram-i-āhū bhi wohi
'Ishq kā dil bhi wohi, ḥusn kā jādū bhi wohi
Ummat Aḥmad-i-mursal bhi wohi, tū bhi wohi
Phir yeh āzurdagi ghayr-i-sabab kiyā ma'nī
Apnē shaedā'ōṇ peh yē chashm-i-gaḍab kiyā ma'nī

The love if "Laila" is violent still,
And "Qais" desires her ever more.
On the "Najd" and the dales,
The swift footed deer is ever before.

The passion of heart is still unfold,
The Beauty is alluring and is magical.
The followers of "Ahmad" still abide,
That Thy presence is eternal.

Then why is Thy high dislike
Neither rhyme nor reason is known.
What spells this, Thy eye is turned
From followers of Thy own?

درد لیلیٰ بھی وہی قیس کا پہلو بھی وہی

نجد کے دشت و جبل میں رمِ آہو بھی وہی

عشق کا دل بھی وہی حسن کا جادو بھی وہی

اُمتِ احمدِ مرسل بھی وہی تو بھی وہی

پھر یہ آزردگیٔ غیر سبب کیا معنی

اپنے شیداؤں پہ یہ چشمِ غضب کیا معنی

21. *Tujh ko chōrā keh rasūl-i-'arabi ko chōṛā*
But garı pēsha kiyā, but shikani ko chōṛā
'Ishq kō 'ishq ki āshufta sari kō chōṛā
Rasm-i-sulemān-o-awaes-i-qarani kō chōṛā
Āg takbir ki sinōṇ mēṇ dabi rakhtē haeṇ
Zindagi mithl-i-bilāl-i-ḥabashi rakhtē haeṇ

Did we abandon our faith to Thee?
Or to Thy "Messenger" cease to cling?
From idol-breaking did we tire?
And took to Idol-worshipping?

Did we forsake love and passion
Cause of grief which it is fought?
Or give up feelings of "Salman"
Or omitted what "Uways Qarani" taught?

The flame of "Takbir" is hidden
Within our bossoms we nourish :
The life of "Bilal" the black
Is a model that we cherish !

تجھ کو چھوڑا کہ رسولِ عربیؐ کو چھوڑا؟
بت گری پیشہ کیا، بت شکنی کو چھوڑا؟
عشق کو، عشق کی آشفتہ سری کو چھوڑا؟
رسمِ سلمانؓ و اویسِ قرنیؓ کو چھوڑا؟
آگ تکبیر کی سینوں میں دبی رکھتے ہیں
زندگی مثلِ بلالِ حبشیؓ رکھتے ہیں

22. *'Ishq ki khaer wo pehli si adā bhi na sahi*
Jāda paemā'i-i-taslim-o-raḍā bhi na sahi
Muḍṭarib dil ṣifat-i-qibla numa bhi na sahi
Awr pābandi-i-ā'in-i-wafā bhi na sahi
Kabhi ham sē kabhi ghaerōṇ se shanāsā'i hae
Bāt kehnē ki nahiṇ tū bhi to harjā'i hae

Our affection may not be which was,
Nor has the same blandishment.
Nor on same path of surrender,
Nor same way give assent.

If, unlike charged compasses,
The souls return now not to you
And if to laws of attachment
Our hearts are now less true;

Some time to us, at time to others
Thou hath affection shown.
It is not that one should say
Thyself is untrue to Thy own.

عشق کی خیر وہ پہلی سی ادا بھی نہ سہی
جادہ پیمائیِ تسلیم و رضا بھی نہ سہی

مُضطرب دل صفتِ قبلہ نما بھی نہ سہی
اور پابندیِ آئینِ وفا بھی نہ سہی

کبھی ہم سے کبھی غیروں سے شناسائی ہے
بات کہنے کی نہیں تُو بھی تو ہرجائی ہے!

23\. *Sarē fārāṇ pe kiyā dīn ko kāmil tū nē*
Ik ishārē mēṇ hazārōṇ ke li'ē dil tū nē
Ātash andōz kiyā 'ishq kā ḥāṣil tū nē
Phūnk dī garmi-i-rukhsār sē meḥfil tū nē
Āj kiyūṇ sīnē hamārē sharar ābād nahīṇ
Ham wohī sōkhta sāmaṇ haeṇ, tujhē yād nahīṇ

On peak of mount "Faran"
Thou didst the "Faith" a form.
With single Divine gesture drew,
Trillions souls by storm.

Thou set ablaze the quest of love,
Which had been our aim;
The flaming beauty of Thy cheeks,
Set the entire world aflame.

Ah, why today in our numbed hearts,
The sparks doesn't glow at all?
Still are we, that inflammable stuff,
Have Thou slighted all?

سرفراز اس پہ کیا دین کو کامل تو نے
اک اشارے میں ہزاروں کے لیے دل تو نے
آتش اندوز کیا عشق کا حاصل تو نے
پھونک دی گرمیِ رُخسار سے محفل تو نے
آج کیوں سینے ہمارے شرر آباد نہیں
ہم وہی سوختہ ساماں ہیں تجھے یاد نہیں؟

24. *Wādi-i-najd mēn wō shōr-i-salāsil na rahā*
Qaes dīwāna-i-naẓẓāra-i-maḥmil na rahā
Ḥawṣalē who na rahē, ham na rahē, dil na rahā
Ghar ye ujṛā he ke tū rownaq-i-meḥfil na rahā
Ē khushā rōz ke ā'ī-o-baṣad nāz ā'ī
Bē ḥijābāna sū'ē meḥfil-i-mā bāz ā'ī

The vale of "Najd" no longer tolls
The sound of "Qais's" chains;
No more he glimpse "Laila's" sedan
No more his eyes he strains;

The cravings of the heart are dead,
Our heart is cold, and so are we.
The ruination fills our home
As shines not, the light of Thee.

Blessed day! return, hundred times
With all Thy beauty and grace!
Past Thy veil and thrive my bunch,
So, we view Thy comely face!

وادیٔ نجد میں وہ شورِ سلاسل نہ رہا
قیسِ دیوانۂ نظّارۂ محمل نہ رہا
حوصلے وہ نہ رہے، ہم نہ رہے، دل نہ رہا
گھر یہ اُجڑا ہے کہ تُو رونقِ محفل نہ رہا
اے خوش آں روز کہ آئی و بصد ناز آئی
بے حجابانہ سُوئے محفلِ ما باز آئی

25. *Bāda kash ghayr haeṇ gulshan mēṇ labe jū baethē*
Suntē haeṇ jām bakaf naghma-i-kū kū baethē
Dūr hangāma-i-gulzār sē yak sū baethē
Tēre diwāne bhi haeṇ mutaẓir-i-hū baethē
Apnē parwānoṇ ko phir dhawq-i-khud afrōzī dē
Barq-i-dērina ko phir farmān-i-jigar sōẓi dē

Drunken aliens in the garden,
By the fountain are sitting.
Sparkling glasses in their hands
They listen the "Cuckoo" singing!

Away from disorder in the garden
Quiet in a corner seated too,
Love aching loonies await
Thy furor igniting spice of "Hoo"!

Ignite in Thy moths the urge
To burn themselves on the flare.
Kindle again the ancient lightning,
Mark our souls with Thy name!

بادہ کش غیر ہیں گلشن میں لبِ جُو بیٹھے
سُنتے ہیں جام بکف نغمۂ کُوکُو بیٹھے
دُور ہنگامۂ گُلزار سے یکسُو بیٹھے
تیرے دیوانے بھی ہیں منتظرِ ھُو بیٹھے
اپنے پروانوں کو پھر ذوقِ خُود افروزی دے
برقِ دیرینہ کو فرمانِ جگر سوزی دے

26. *Qawm-i-āwāra 'ināṇ tāb hae phir sū'ē ḥijāz*
Lē uṛā bulbul-i-bē par ko madhāq-i-parwāz
Muḍṭarib bāgh ke har ghunche me hae bū'ē niyāz
Tu dharā chaeṛ to dē tishna-i-miḍrāb hae sāz
Nahgmē bētāb haen tārōṇ se nikalneṇ ke li'ē
Ṭūr muḍṭar hae isī āg mēṇ jalnēṇ ke li'ē

The wandering nation towards "Hijaz"
Turn their yenning eyes!
As wingless nightingale takes to wings
For love of the open skies!

Each flower in the garden longs to glow
To free the aroma in its body;
So awaits the lute the plectrum,
Touch its cords, listen to its melody!

Anxious and restless are notes
To flare out of the strings.
"Toor" is twittering keenly
To be ignited by Thy lightning!

قوم آوارہ عناں تاب ہے پھر سُوئے حجاز
لے اُڑا بُلبل بے پر کو مذاقِ پرواز

مضطرب باغ کے ہر غنچے میں ہے بُوئے نیاز
تُو ذرا چھیڑ تو دے، تشنۂ مضراب ہے ساز

نغمے بیتاب ہیں تاروں سے نکلنے کے لیے
طُور مضطر ہے اُسی آگ میں جلنے کے لیے

27. *Mushkilēṇ ummat-i-marḥūm ki āsāṇ kar dē*
Mūr-i-bē māyā ko hamdōsh-i-sulaemān kar dē
Jins-i-nāyāb-i-muḥabbat ko phir arzāṇ kar dē
Hind ke daer nashīnoṇ ko muslmaṇ kar dē
Jū'ē khūṇ mī chakad az hasrat-i-dērīna-i-mā
Mī tapad nālā ba nashtar kada-i-sīna-i-mā

Resolve the troubles of the plabes
Ease the burden they bear,
Raise the scant under foot ant
And make it "Sulayman's" peer!

Give ample that dainty love
Cheapen its lofted fees;
Turn the India's temple sitters
Into Loyal Muslims of Thee.

My Heart's cravings are unfulfilled
Constantly the life blood drain;
My bosom is dagger gashed,
Strive hard with the cry of pain!

مشکلیں اُمّتِ مرحوم کی آساں کر دے

مورِ بے مایہ کو ہمدوشِ سلیماں کر دے

جنسِ نایابِ محبّت کو پھر ارزاں کر دے

ہند کے دَیر نشینوں کو مسلماں کر دے

جوئے خوں می چکد از حسرتِ دیرینۂ ما

می تپد نالہ بہ نشترکدۂ سینۂ ما

28. *Bū'ē gul lē gā'ī bērūn-i-chaman rāz-i-chaman*
Kiya qayāmat hae ke khud phūl haeṇ ghammaz-i-chaman
'Ehd-gul khatm hu'ā ṭuṭ gayā sāz-i-chaman
Ur ga'ē ḏāliyon sē zamzama pardaz-i-chaman
Ēk bulbul hae ke hae maḥw-i-tarannum ab tak
Us ke sine mēṇ hae naghmōṇ ka talāṭum ab tak

The scent of the blossoms stole
The secrets of the garden away
What calamity! 'the traitor's role
The gardens buds ought play!

The garden's lyric is done;
The season of flowers is gone;
And from its perch upon the twig,
Each hiss songster has flown.

A lonely nightingale sings on
In garden all day long;
Its throat beats with jungle still
And pours out its soul in song.

بوئے گُل لے گئی بیرونِ چمن رازِ چمن
کیا قیامت ہے کہ خود پُھول ہیں غمّازِ چمن!
عہدِ گُل ختم ہُوا ٹُوٹ گیا سازِ چمن
اُڑ گئے ڈالیوں سے زمزمہ پردازِ چمن
ایک بُلبل ہے کہ ہے محوِ ترنّم اب تک
اس کے سینے میں ہے نغموں کا تلاطم اب تک

29. *Qumriyān shākh-i-ṣanōbar sē gurēzān bhi hu'iṇ*
Pattiyān phūl ki jhaṛ jhaṛ ke parēshān bhi hu'iṇ
Wo purāni rawashēṇ bāgh ki wīraṇ bhi hu'iṇ
Ḍāliyāṇ paerahan-i-barg sē 'uryāṇ bhi hu'iṇ
Qaed-i-mawsim se ṭabi'at rahi āzād us ki
Kāsh gulshan mēṇ samajhta kō'i faryād us ki

The ring doves averse from the cypress;
Have from the garden flown;
The petals dismayed left the flower,
Letting boughs naked, have random strewn.

Those ancient garden walks
Lie desolate and are shorn,
Ravished of their leafy robes,
Are stripped of, they had worn;

Unmoved by passing season's turn,
The songster sings alone:
Alas! if in this garden some
Could feel the clog of its moan!

قمریاں شاخِ صنوبر سے گریزاں بھی ہوئیں
پتیاں پھول کی جھڑ جھڑ کے پریشاں بھی ہوئیں
وہ پرانی روشیں باغ کی ویراں بھی ہوئیں
ڈالیاں پیرہنِ برگ سے عریاں بھی ہوئیں
قیدِ موسم سے طبیعت رہی آزاد اس کی
کاش گلشن میں سمجھتا کوئی فریاد اس کی!

30. *Luṭf marnē me hē bāqi na mazā jinē mēṇ*
Kuch maza hae to yehi khūn-i-jigar pine mēṇ
Kitnē bētāb haeṇ jawhar mirē ā'inē mēṇ
Kis qadr jalwē taṛaptē haen mirē sinē mēṇ
Is gulistāṇ mēṇ magar dēkhne wālē hi nahiṇ
Dāgh sine mēṇ jo rakhte hōṇ wo lālē hi nahiṇ

No gusto now is left in death,
Nor life can bring relief;
It's nice to sit alone and sigh
And take a sad souls grief.

Out from mirror of my mind
What gems of thought shine.
What visions' dreams superb,
Aspire in heart of mine!

No one is in the garden
To see, hear and attest:
No Tulip lies bleeding
Carrying scars on its chest.

لُطف مرنے میں ہے باقی نہ مزا جینے میں
کچھ مزا ہے تو یہی خونِ جگر پینے میں

کتنے بے تاب ہیں جوہر مرے آئینے میں
کس قدر جلوے تڑپتے ہیں مرے سینے میں

اس گُلستاں میں مگر دیکھنے والے ہی نہیں
داغ جو سینے میں رکھتے ہوں وہ لالے ہی نہیں

31. *Chāk is bulbul-i-tanhā ki nawā sē dil hōṇ*
Jāgnē wālē isi bāng-i-darā sē dil hōṇ
ya'ni phir zinda na'ē 'ehd-i-wafā sē dil hōṇ
Phir isi bāda-i-dērina ke piyāsē dil hōṇ
'Ajami khum hae to kiyā, mae to ḥijāzi hae miri
Naghma hindi hae to kiyā, lae to ḥijāzi hae miri

Let Nightingale's lonely song
Slice the hearts of all;
Let awake the hearts of the sleeping
With my clarion call!

Charged with fresh blood,
A new bond of faith we sing;
Let our hearts crave again
For thirst of classic wine!

The jar I possess be "Ájami"
The wine from "Hijaz" I serve
What, if the song is from "India
The "Hijazi" is its verve.

چاک اس بلبلِ تنہا کی نوا سے دل ہوں
جاگنے والے اسی بانگِ درا سے دل ہوں
یعنی پھر زندہ نئے عہدِ وفا سے دل ہوں
پھر اسی بادۂ دیرینہ کے پیاسے دل ہوں
عجمی خُم ہے تو کیا، مے تو حجازی ہے مری
نغمہ ہندی ہے تو کیا، لے تو حجازی ہے مری!

JAWAB-I-SHIKWAH

(THE REPLY)

J-1. *Dil se jō bāt nikalti he athar rakhti hae*
Par nahiṇ ṭāqat-i-parvāz magar rakhti hae
Qudsi ul aṣl hae, rif'at pe naẓar rakhti hae
Khāk sē uṭhti hae, gardūṇ pe guzar rakhti hae
'Ishq tha fitnagar-o-sarkash-o-chālak mirā
Āsmāṇ chīr gayā nāla-i-bēbāk mirā

Passion, streaming from the heart
Never fail to have effect.
But no! Blessed is its origin,
On heights its locus is set;

Though they have no wings,
Yet have power to fly,
And though from dust it rises,
Yet pierces through the sky;

So reckless and erratic was my passion,
Such clamor raised its sighs,
So intense was my plaint
It tore through the skies.

دل سے جو بات نکلتی ہے اثر رکھتی ہے

پر نہیں طاقتِ پرواز مگر رکھتی ہے

قدسی الاصل ہے رفعت پہ نظر رکھتی ہے

خاک سے اٹھتی ہے گردوں پہ گزر رکھتی ہے

عشق تھا فتنہ گر و سرکش و چالاک مرا

آسماں چیر گیا نالۂ بے باک مرا

J-2. *Pir-i-gardūṇ ne kaha sun ke, kahiṇ hae kō'ī*
Bōlē sayyārē, sarē 'arsh-i-bariṇ hae kō'ī
Chānd kehta thā nahiṇ, ehl-i-zamiṇ hae kō'ī
Kehkashāṇ kehti thi, pōshida yahiṇ hae kō'ī
Kuch jo samjhā mire shikwē ko to riḍwāṇ samjhā
Mujhē janat se nikāla hu'ā insāṇ samjhā

The aged sphere heard in amazement,
Some one is some where, said he.
The planets paused and chimed in,
On paradise some one must be.

Bright moon said "You are wrong,
Some mortal from earth below".
The Milky way too joined parlays,
Some one is hiding here we don't know.

Guardian of heavens "Rizwan" alone,
Could understand and recognize,
He made out for a human who
Had lost his paradise.

پیرِ گردوں نے کہا سُن کے کہیں ہے کوئی
بولے سیّارے سرِ عرشِ بریں ہے کوئی
چاند کہتا تھا نہیں! اہلِ زمیں ہے کوئی
کہکشاں کہتی تھی پوشیدہ یہیں ہے کوئی
کچھ جو سمجھا مرے شکوے کو تو رضواں سمجھا
مجھے جنّت سے نکالا ہوا انساں سمجھا

J-3. Ṯhi farishtōṇ ko bhi ḥayrat ke ye āwāz hae kiyā
'Arsh wālōṇ pe bhi khulta nahiṇ yē rāz hae kiyā
Tā sarē 'arsh bhi insān ki tag-o-taz hae kiyā
Ā ga'i khāk ki chutki ko bhi parvāz hae kiyā
Ghāfil ādāb sē sukkān-i-zamin kaesē haen
Shōkh-o-gustākh ye pasti ke makiṇ kaesē haen

The angels, even could not tell
What was the vent so strange,
Whose covert sounded to exist above
The empyrean sense's range.

To heavens can ever a man attain
And reach these regions high?
Could tiny speck of mortal clay,
Has learnt such art to fly?

These beings of earth, how little
The manners do they know;
How rude and arrogant are they,
These mortals of tracts below.

تھی فرشتوں کو بھی حیرت کہ یہ آواز ہے کیا
عرش والوں پہ بھی کھلتا نہیں یہ راز ہے کیا!
تا سرِ عرش بھی انساں کی تگ و تاز ہے کیا!
آ گئی خاک کی چٹکی کو بھی پرواز ہے کیا!
غافل آداب سے سکانِ زمیں کیسے ہیں
شوخ و گستاخ یہ پستی کے مکیں کیسے ہیں!

J-4. *Is qadr shōkh keh Allāh se bhi barham hae*
Ṯhā jo masjūd-i-malā'ik ye wohi ādam hae
'Ālim-i-kaef hae, dānā'ē rumūz-i-kam hae
Hān magar 'ijz ke asrār se nā maḥram hae
Nāz hae ṭāqat-i-guftār pe insānōṇ kō
Bāt karnē ka salīqah nahiṇ nādānōṇ kō

So lofty in his arrogance is he,
He dares even God berate!
Is this the "Adam" to whom, the bow
The angels once had made?

The virtues and quantum
He knew the secrets, true
The ways of lowliness as well
If he could little knew!

They are insolent in their speech
How arrogant these humans be,
They have no sense of conveying
And to use this art gracefully.

اس قدر شوخ کہ اللہ سے بھی برہم ہے
تھا جو مسجودِ ملائک، یہ وہی آدم ہے!
عالمِ کیف ہے، دانائے رموزِ کم ہے
ہاں مگر عجز کے اسرار سے نامحرم ہے
ناز ہے طاقتِ گفتار پہ انسانوں کو
بات کرنے کا سلیقہ نہیں نادانوں کو

J-5. Ā'i āwāz gham angaez hae afsāna tirā
Ashk-i-bētāb se labrēz hae paemāna tirā
Asmāṇ gir hu'ā na'ra-i-mastāna tirā
Kis qadr shōkh zubāṇ hae dil-i-dīwāna tirā
Shukr shikwē ko kiyā husn-i-adā sē tū nē
Ham sukhan kar diyā bandōṇ ko khudā sē tū nē

Then came a Voice sympathetic:
Thy yarn is full of sorrow,
Thy tears twitter at the brim
And are ready to flow;

The Heaven itself has been roused
By thy flaming cries;
How wild tongued is thy heart
Which utters vicious melodies!

How fitly put has been thy plaint
Which sounded like a praise.
To speak on equal terms with us
Thou caused the humans a raise!

آئی آواز غم انگیز ہے افسانہ ترا
اشکِ بے تاب سے لبریز ہے پیمانہ ترا
آسماں گیر ہوا نعرۂ مستانہ ترا
کس قدر شوخ زباں ہے دلِ دیوانہ ترا
شُکر شکوے کو کیا حُسنِ ادا سے تو نے
ہم سخن کر دیا بندوں کو خدا سے تو نے

J-6. Ham tō mā'il ba karam haeṇ, kō'ī sā'il hi nahīṇ
Rāh dikhlā'ēṇ kisē, rahraw-i- manzil hi nahīṇ
Tarbiyat 'ām tu hae, jawhar-i-qābil hi nahīṇ
Jis sē ta'mīr ho ādam ki ye wo gil hī nahīṇ
Ko'ī qābil ho to ham shān-i-ka'ī dētē haeṇ
Ḍhūndanē wālōṇ ko dunyā bhī na'ī dētē haeṇ

Ready are we, for endless treasures
But none is there, to pray?
None is on seekers trail
To whom, we point the way?

Tutelage is of course there
Worthy is none, for they were raised!
That clay in not available
With which another "Adam" be made!

There is, if some one of grading
We would raise him to splendor,
And if some one, rating comes,
We give, new world of wonder.

ہم تو مائل بہ کرم ہیں کوئی سائل ہی نہیں
راہ دکھلائیں کسے رہروِ منزل ہی نہیں
تربیت عام تو ہے، جوہرِ قابل ہی نہیں
جس سے تعمیر ہو آدم کی یہ وہ گِل ہی نہیں
کوئی قابل ہو تو ہم شانِ کئی دیتے ہیں
ڈھونڈنے والوں کو دنیا بھی نئی دیتے ہیں

J-7. Hāt bē zōr haeṇ ilḥad se dil khūgar haeṇ
Ummati bā'ith-i-ruswā'ī-i-paeghambar haeṇ
But shikan u<u>th</u> ga'ē, bāqī jō rahē butgar haeṇ
Ṯhā brāhīm pidar, awr pisar āzar haeṇ
Bādā āshām na'ē, bādā niyā, khum bhī na'ē
Ḥaram-i-ka'bah niyā, but bhī na'ē, tum bhī na'ē

No strength is in your hands
In your hearts we have no place;
To the name of the "Prophet"
The disciples bring disgrace;

The idol breakers are gone
Idol makers thrive.
The father was Ibraham
The sons, "Azars", survive.

New are glasses, and the drinkers
And new wine you brew.
A new Ka'aba has been built,
Thyself and idols are new!

ہاتھ بے زور ہیں، الحاد سے دل خوگر ہیں
اُمتی باعثِ رسوائیِ پیغمبر ہیں

بُت شکن اُٹھ گئے، باقی جو رہے بُت گر ہیں
تھا براہیم پدر اور پسر آزر ہیں

بادہ آشام نئے، بادہ نیا، خُم بھی نئے
حرمِ کعبہ نیا، بُت بھی نئے، تُم بھی نئے

J-8. Wō bhi din thē keh yehi māyā-i-ra'nā'i thā
Nāzish mawsim-i-gul lālā-i-ṣaḥrā'i thā
Jō muslmān thā Allah kā sawdā'i thā
Kabhi maḥbūb tumhārā yehi harjā'i thā
Kisi yakjā'i se ab 'ehd-i-ghulāmi kar lō
Millat-i-Aḥmad-i-mursal kō maqāmi kar lō

Those were times when
This very One was taken as sublime.
The "Tulip" of Muslims was pride
of desert, in burgeon time.

Once every born Muslim
Loved the only "Allah" he knew
Some time "This" was thy Beloved
The same, thyself now call untrue.

Be gone! and with some local deity,
A new bond of indulgence sign
And the "Millat" of the Prophet
To some local space confine!

وہ بھی دن تھے کہ یہی مایۂ رعنائی تھا
نازشِ موسمِ گل لالۂ صحرائی تھا

جو مسلمان تھا اللہ کا سودائی تھا
کبھی محبوب تمھارا یہی ہرجائی تھا

کسی یکجائی سے اب عہدِ غلامی کر لو
ملتِ احمدِ مرسل کو مقامی کر لو

J-9. Kis qadr tum pe girāṇ ṣubḥ kī bēdārī hae
Ham se kab piyar hae, hāṇ niṇd tumhēṇ piyārī hae
Tab'-i-āzād pe qaed-i-ramaḍaṇ bhārī hae
Tumhiṇ keh do yehī ā'īn-i-wafādārī hae
Qawm madhhab se hae, madhhab jo nahiṇ tum bhi nahiṇ
Jadhb-i-bāham jo nahī, mehfil-i-anjum bhi nahin

How heavy is to rise at dawn
How loathe are thou to rise
Never, thou are faithful to us
Slumbering is thy prize!

Care free is now thy nature
"Ramadan" fasting heavily press;
Say it, and answer thyself
Is this the way of faithfulness!

Nations are born by faith,
With out the faith they die,
When there is no gravitation
The stars here and there fly.

کس قدر تم پہ گراں صبح کی بیداری ہے
ہم سے کب پیار ہے! ہاں نیند تمھیں پیاری ہے

طبعِ آزاد پہ قیدِ رمضاں بھاری ہے
تمھی کہہ دو یہی آئینِ وفاداری ہے؟

قوم مذہب سے ہے، مذہب جو نہیں، تم بھی نہیں
جذبِ باہم جو نہیں، محفلِ انجم بھی نہیں

J-10. Jin kō ātā nahiṇ dunyā mēṇ ko'ī fun, tum hō
Nahiṇ jis qawm ko parwā-i-nashēman tum hō
Bijliyān jis mēṇ hoṇ āsūdah wo khirman tum hō
Bēch khātē haeṇ jo aslāf ke madfan tum hō
Hō nikō nām jō qabrōn kī tijārat kar kē
Kiyā na bēcho ge jo mil jā'ēṇ ṣanam paththar kē

Those deprived of any skill,
In this world, are you.
The only people who cares not
For their dwellings, are you.

The haystacks that conceals
Lightning fires, are you.
The creatures who sell
The tombs of elders, are you

Drawing profit out of graves
Has secured thou renown;
Thyself would not hesitate
In trading Gods made of stone.

جن کو آتا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن، تم ہو
نہیں جس قوم کو پروائے نشیمن، تم ہو
بجلیاں جس میں ہوں آسودہ، وہ خرمن تم ہو
بیچ کھاتے ہیں جو اسلاف کے مدفن، تم ہو
ہو نکو نام جو قبروں کی تجارت کرکے
کیا نہ بیچو گے جو مل جائیں صنم پتھر کے

J-11. Ṣafḥa-i-dahr se bāṭil ko miṭāyā kis nēṇ?
Naw'-i-insāṇ ko ghulāmī sē churāyā kis nēṇ?
Mērē ka'bē kō jabīnōṇ se basāyā kis nēṇ?
Mērē Qur'ān ko sīnōṇ se lagāya kis nēṇ?
Thē to ābā wo tumhārā hī magar tum kiyā hō?
Hāth par hāth dharē, muntazir-e-fardā hō!

Who erased the dab of falsehood
From the pages of history?
Who liberated the human beings
From the chains of slavery?

On to the floors of my "Ka'aba"
Whose foreheads swept?
Who were those who clasped
The "Quran" on to their breasts?

Indeed, they were thy fore fathers;
Tell us what are thyself, we say;
With idle hands thou sit and wait
For the dawn of a better day!.

صفحۂ دہر سے باطل کو مٹایا کس نے؟
نوعِ انساں کو غلامی سے چھڑایا کس نے؟
میرے کعبے کو جبینوں سے بسایا کس نے؟
میرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگایا کس نے؟
تھے تو آبا وہ تمھارے ہی، مگر تم کیا ہو
ہاتھ پر ہاتھ دھرے منتظرِ فردا ہو!

J-12. Kiyā kahā? behr-i-musalmān hae faqat wa'da-i-ḥūr
Shikwā bējā bhi karē kō'i to lāzim hae sha'ūr
'Adl hae fāṭir-i-hastı ka azal se dastūr
Muslim ā'iṇ hu'ā kāfir to milē ḥur-o-quṣūr
Tum mēṇ ḥūrōṇ ka ko'i chahne wālā hi nahiṇ
Jalwā-i-ṭūr to mawjūd hae mūsā hi nahiṇ

Did thou say, we promised Muslims,
"Hoors" only in paradise?
One should have manners
Even if there is reason to criticize.

Justice, is from time eternal
our sovereign rule.
When infidels become Muslims
We, offer Heavens gifts in pool.

There is none amongst you
Who could, Heavens gift aspire;
No "Moses" is left now
To see "Toor" at fire.

کیا کہا! بہرِ مسلماں ہے فقط وعدۂ حور
شکوہ بے جا بھی کرے کوئی تو لازم ہے شعور
عدل ہے فاطرِ ہستی کا ازل سے دستور
مُسلم آئیں ہُوا کافر تو مِلے حور و قصور
تم میں حُوروں کا کوئی چاہنے والا ہی نہیں
جلوۂ طُور تو موجود ہے موسیٰ ہی نہیں

J-13. Manfa'at ēk hae is qawm kī nuqṣān bhī ēk
Ēk hī sab ka nabī, dīn bhī, imān bhī ēk
Ḥaram-i-pāk bhī, Allah bhī Qur'ān bhī ēk
Ku<u>ch</u> baṛī bāt ṯhī hōtē jō musalmān bhī ēk
Firqa bandi hae kahīṇ awr kahīṇ dhātēṇ haeṇ
Kiyā zamānē mēṇ panapnē kī yehī bātēṇ haeṇ

One are thou people,
Profit and loss thou share.
Your Prophet and creed is one,
The same truth thou declare;

Thy Ka'aba is one, God is one,
And one is the blessed Quran;
Still, divided each from each,
Lives every Mussalman.

There are sects all over,
And castes are some where.
In these times, are these ways,
To progress and to prosper?

منفعت ایک ہے اس قوم کی نقصان بھی ایک
ایک ہی سب کا نبی دین بھی ایمان بھی ایک
حرمِ پاک بھی اللہ بھی قرآن بھی ایک
کچھ بڑی بات تھی ہوتے جو مسلمان بھی ایک
فرقہ بندی ہے کہیں اور کہیں ذاتیں ہیں
کیا زمانے میں پنپنے کی یہی باتیں ہیں

J-14. *Kawn hae tārik-i-ā'in-i-rasūl-i-mukhtār?*
Maṣlaḥat waqt ki hae kis kē 'amal kā mi'yār
Kis ki āṇkhōṇ mēṇ samāya he shi'ār-i-aghyār
Ho ga'i kis ki negeh ṭarz-i-salaf sē bēzār
Qalb mēṇ sōz nahiṇ, rūḥ mēṇ iḥsās nahiṇ
Kuch bhi paegām-i-Muhammad ka tumhēṇ pās nahiṇ

Who deserted the code and ethics,
Of our messenger and His sanctions?
Whose temporal advantage are
The materialistic actions?

Whose eyes have been dazed
By stranger's ways and customs?
Who have turned their eyes away
From their ancestral tradition?

Thy hearts, have no passion
Thy souls have no zeal,
Thyself have no feelings for message
Which "Muhammad" did reveal.

کون ہے تارکِ آئینِ رسولِ مختار؟
مصلحت وقت کی ہے کس کے عمل کا معیار؟
کس کی آنکھوں میں سمایا ہے شعارِ اغیار؟
ہوگئی کس کی نگہ طرزِ سلف سے بیزار؟
قلب میں سوز نہیں، روح میں احساس نہیں
کچھ بھی پیغامِ محمدؐ کا تمھیں پاس نہیں

J-15. Jā kē hōtē haeṇ masājid mēṇ ṣafārā to gharib
Zaḥmat-i-rōzā jo kartē haeṇ gawāra to gharib
Nām lētā hae agar ko'i hamārā to gharib
Parda rakhta hae agar kō'i tumhārā to gharib
Umarā nashsha-i-dawlat mēṇ haeṇ ghafil ham se
Zinda hae millat-i-baeḍā ghurabā kē dam sē

If any one, is in line for prayers
In mosques, it is the poor;
If any one suffers hunger,
During ramadan, it is the poor;

If any one ever bethinks,
About Us, it is the poor.
If any one covers,
Thy shoddy deeds, it is the poor.

Drunk with liquor of means,
The opulent neglect Our due.
The zest of faith is alive
As the poor to Us are true.

جا کے ہوتے ہیں مساجد میں صف آرا، تو غریب

زحمتِ روزہ جو کرتے ہیں گوارا، تو غریب

نام لیتا ہے اگر کوئی ہمارا، تو غریب

پردہ رکھتا ہے اگر کوئی تمھارا، تو غریب

اُمَرا نشّۂ دولت میں ہیں غافل ہم سے

زندہ ہے مِلّتِ بیضا غُرَبا کے دم سے

J-16. Wā'iẓ-i-qawm ki wo pukhta khiyālı na rahi
Barq ṭab'ı na rahi sho'la maqālı na rahi
Reh ga'ı rasm-i-adhāṇ, rūḥ-i-bilālı na rahi
Falsafā reh gayā. talqiṇ-i-ghazālı na rahi
Masjidēṇ marthiya khāṇ haeṇ keh nimāzı na rahē
Ya'ni wō ṣāhib awṣsaāf ḥijāzı na rahē

The reverends are immature
No substance in what they preach,
No lightning is in their minds,
No fire is in their speech.

Call to prayers is routine
The spirit of "Bilal" is lacking.
Philosophy is, of course there
Unheard is Ghazali's preaching!

The mosques yell and cry
No worshipers fill them for prayer.
The type of noble gentlemen
The "Hijazis" are not there.

واعظِ قوم کی وہ پُختہ خیالی نہ رہی
برق طبعی نہ رہی، شُعلہ مقالی نہ رہی

رہ گئی رسمِ اذاں، رُوحِ بلالی نہ رہی
فلسفہ رہ گیا، تلقینِ غزالی نہ رہی

مسجدیں مرثیہ خواں ہیں کہ نمازی نہ رہے
یعنی وہ صاحبِ اوصافِ حجازی نہ رہے

J-17. Shōr hae hō ga'ē dunyā se musalmāṇ nābūd
Ham ye kehtē haeṇ ke thē bhi kabhi muslim mawjūd
Waḍ'a meṇ tum hō naṣārā to tamaddun mēṇ hunūd
Yeh musalman haeṇ! jinhēṇ dēkh ke sharmā'ēṇ yahūd
Yūṇ to sayyid bhi ho mirzā bhi ho, afghān bhi hō
Tum sabhi kuch ho batā'ō to musalmān bhi hō

Loud are the utterances that,
Muslims, have faded from global face.
We say, that the true Muslims,
Ever existed at any place?

Thy style is that of Christians,
Thy culture, is of Hindoos;
A Jew would be ashamed
To see the Muslims as you!

Thou art the Syeds and Mirzas,
And also are Afghans;
Of course thou art all these,
But are thyself a true Musalman?

شور ہے ہو گئے دنیا سے مسلماں نابود
ہم یہ کہتے ہیں کہ تھے بھی کہیں مسلم موجود!
وضع میں تم ہو نصاریٰ تو تمدن میں ہنود
یہ مسلماں ہیں جنھیں دیکھ کے شرمائیں یہود
یوں تو سید بھی ہو، مرزا بھی ہو، افغان بھی ہو
تم سبھی کچھ ہو، بتاؤ تو مسلمان بھی ہو!

J-18. Dam-i-taqrir ṯhi muslim ki ṣadāqat bēbāk
'Adl us kā ṯha qawi, lawth-i-marā'āt se pāk
Shajar-i-fiṭrat-i-muslim ṯha ḥaya sē namnāk
Ṯhā shujā'at mēṇ wō ik hasti-i-fawqul idrāk
Khud gudāzi namē kayfiyyat-i-ṣahbāyash būd
Khāli aẓ khēsh shudan ṣūrat-i-mināyash būd

When the Muslim spoke,
He was truthful and forth right;
Wieldy was his sense of justice
And was honorable and up right.

The tree of his conscience
Was fresh with modesty most rare.
In courage he was subtle,
His valor was beyond compare.

His self annulment was the entity,
As liquid is for liquor
As the vessel empties the liquior out,
Emptying itself for others, his pleasure.

دمِ تقریر تھی مسلم کی صداقت بے باک
عدل اس کا تھا قوی، لوثِ مراعات سے پاک
شجرِ فطرتِ مسلم تھا حیا سے نم ناک
تھا شجاعت میں وہ اک ہستیِ فوق الادراک
خود گدازی نمِ کیفیتِ صہبایش بود
خالی از خویش شدن صورتِ مینایش بود

J-19. Har musalmāṇ rag-i-bāṭil ke liye nashtar ṯhā
Us ke ā'ina-i-hastī mēṇ 'amal jawhar ṯhā
Jo bhrōsa ṯha usē quwwat-i-bāzō par ṯhā
Hae tumhēṇ nawt ka dar, usē khudā kā ḏar ṯhā
Bap ka 'ilm na bētē ko agar azbar hō
Phir pisar qābil-i-mirāth-i-pidar kiyūṇ kar hō!

To every vein of fallacy
Every Muslim was a knife.
In the Mirror of his being
The model was constant strife

On the muscles of his own arm,
Every Muslim used to rely
All he feared was his "God"
Thou fear and fear to die.

From, his fathers learning,
A son, secures no light
Then, on his fathers heritage
How will he, claim his right?

ہر مسلماں رگِ باطل کے لیے نشتر تھا
اُس کے آئینۂ ہستی میں عمل جوہر تھا
جو بھروسا تھا اُسے قوتِ بازو پر تھا
ہے تمھیں موت کا ڈر اُس کو خدا کا ڈر تھا
باپ کا علم نہ بیٹے کو اگر ازبر ہو
پھر پسر قابلِ میراثِ پدر کیونکر ہو!

J-20. Har ko'i mast-i-ma'ē dhawq-i-tanāsāni hae
Tum musalmāṇ ho? yeh andāz-i-musalmāni hae'
Haedari faqr hae, nae dawlat-i-uthmāni hae
Tum ko aslāf se kiyā nisbat-i-rūḥāni hae?
Woh zamanē meṇ mu'azzaz ṯhe musalmāṇ hō kar
Awr tum khār hu'ē tārik-i-qur'āṇ hō kar

Each one is intoxicated, with
Joy of comfort beyond any strife.
Are thyself the Muslims
Is this, the Muslims way of life?

Thou don't own "Hayder's" contentment,
Nor "Uthman's" riches thou grew,
What spiritual relationship exists,
Between the progenitors and you?

For the fact, they were Muslims,
They were sublimed in their day,
Thou, have abandoned "Qur'an"
Are spurned and cast away.

ہر کوئی مستِ مئے ذوقِ تن آسانی ہے
تم مسلماں ہو! یہ اندازِ مسلمانی ہے!
حیدری فقر ہے، نے دولتِ عثمانی ہے
تم کو اسلاف سے کیا نسبتِ روحانی ہے؟
وہ زمانے میں معزز تھے مسلماں ہو کر
اور تم خوار ہوئے تارکِ قرآں ہو کر

J-21. Tum ho āpas mēṇ ghaḍabnāk, wo āpas mēṇ raḥim
Tum khaṭa kāro-khaṭā biṇ wo khaṭāpōsh-o-karim
Chāhte sab haeṇ ke hōṇ awj-i-thurayya pe muqim
Pehlē vaesā ko'i paedā to karē qalb-i-salim
Takht-i-faghfūr bhi unka tha, sarīr-i-kae bhī
Yūṇ hi bātēṇ haeṇ ke tum mēṇ wo ḥamiyyat hae bhi

Thou are cross with one another,
They were kind and understanding;
Thou, tort thyself, see wrong in others,
They shielded others and were remitting.

To be at the top is the,
Hearts desire, of each one amid you!
First, produce such a soul,
Who can make the dream come true.

They held the realm of Cathy,
And scaled the Persian throne :
Where is the manly honor they had
Thou art great in words alone.

تم ہو آپس میں غضبناک، وہ آپس میں رحیم
تم خطاکار و خطابیں، وہ خطاپوش و کریم
چاہتے سب ہیں کہ ہوں اوجِ ثریا پہ مقیم
پہلے ویسا کوئی پیدا تو کرے قلبِ سلیم
تختِ فغفور بھی اُن کا تھا، سرِ کَے بھی
یونہی باتیں ہیں کہ تم میں وہ حمیت ہے بھی؟

J-22. Khud kushi shēwa tumhāra, wo ghuyūr-o-khud dār
Tum ukhwwat se gurēzāṇ, wo ukhuwwaāt pe nithār
Tum ho guftār sarāpa, wo sarāpa kirdār
Tum tarastē ho kali kō wo gulustāṇ bakinār
Ab talak yād hae qawmōṇ ko ḥikāyat unki
Naqsh hae safḥa-i-hasti pe ṣadāqat unki

Self ruination is thy practice,
For honour and self respect were they known.
Thyself are hesitant of fraternity,
They gave lives for their own.

Thou are oral and articulate,
They were of acts, deeds and power,
Thou crave for buds only,
Theirs was garden with every flower.

Nations to this day recall,
The legends of their bravery
Their truth is still inscribed
Upon the scrolls of history.

خود کُشی شیوہ تمھارا، وہ غیور و خود دار

تم اخوّت سے گریزاں، وہ اخوّت پہ نثار

تم ہو گُفتار سراپا، وہ سراپا کردار

تم ترستے ہو کلی کو، وہ گُلستاں بہ کنار

اب تلک یاد ہے قوموں کو حکایت اُن کی

نقش ہے صفحۂ ہستی پہ صداقت اُن کی

J-23. Mithl-i-anjum ufuq-i-qawn pe rawshan bhi hu'ē
But-i-hindı ki muḥabbat mēṇ brahman bhı hu'ē
Shawq-i-parwāz mēṇ mahjur-i-nashēman bhi hu'ē
Bē 'amal thē hı jawāṇ, dıṇ se badzan bhi hu'ē
Un ko tahdhıb ne har band se azād kiyā
Lā ke ka'be se ṣanam khāne mēṇ abād kiyā

On the horizon of their nation
Were shown like stars of heaven.
Till, by Indian Garnish Idols
Turned thou into Brahmans;

In lust of flying, thou left,
The nest and took to open sky.
Void of actions were thy youth;
And to them their faith deny;

New culture removed all ties
And set them madly free,
And brought them out from "Ka'aba"
To settle in house of Idolatry!.

مثلِ انجم افقِ قوم پہ روشن بھی ہوئے
بُتِ ہندی کی محبت میں برہمن بھی ہوئے
شوقِ پرواز میں مہجورِ نشیمن بھی ہوئے
بے عمل تھے ہی جواں دین سے بدظن بھی ہوئے
ان کو تہذیب نے ہر بند سے آزاد کیا
لا کے کعبے سے صنم خانے میں آباد کیا

I-24. Qaes zaḥmat kash-i-tanhā'ī-i-ṣaḥrā na rahē
Shehr kī khā'ē hawā, bādiya pēma na rahē
Wo to dīwāna he bastī mēṇ rahē yā na rahē
Ye ḍarūrī hae ke ḥijāb-i-rukh-i-laylā na rahē
Gila-i-jawr na hō, shikwa-i-bēdād na hō
'Ishq āzād hae, kiyūṇ ḥusn bhī azād no hō

"Qais" now can no longer,
Bear, the lonely deserts waste.
They now breathe, the city airs;
For desert wastes, they have no taste.

He is crazy, may not choose,
The city as his abiding place?
Vital is, that "Laila", should raise,
Her veil and show her lovely face!

End the demurs of inequity!
Nor speak of any tyranny!
When love has no yoke, than why
Should beauty be not free?.

قیس زحمت کشِ تنہائیِ صحرا نہ رہے
شہر کی کھائے ہوا بادیہ پیما نہ رہے!
وہ تو دیوانہ ہے بستی میں رہے یا نہ رہے
یہ ضروری ہے حجابِ رخِ لیلا نہ رہے!
گلۂ جور نہ ہو، شکوۂ بیداد نہ ہو
عشق آزاد ہے، کیوں حسن بھی آزاد نہ ہو!

J-25. 'Ehd-i-naw barq hae, ātash zan-i-har khirman hae
Aeman is se kō'i ṣeḥrā na kō'i gulshan hae
Is na'i āg ka aqwām-i-kuhan iṇ<u>dh</u>an hae
Millat-i-khatm-i-rusul shu'la be perāhan hae
Āj bhi hō jō brāhim kā imāṇ paedā
Āg karsakti he andāẓ-i-gulistāṇ paedā

The new age is lightning,
Inflamed, is every haystack.
Neither barren nor a garden
Is secure, from its attack.

To this new fire, are the fuel,
Old nations like faggots on a pyre
Disciples of the last "Messenger"
Are swilled in its fire.

Even if today the faith
Of "Ibraham" is made to glow.
Out of the Infidels fire,
A garden of blossoms will grow.

عہدِ نو برق ہے آتش زنِ ہر خرمن ہے
ایمن اس سے کوئی صحرا نہ کوئی گلشن ہے
اس نئی آگ کا اقوامِ کہن ایندھن ہے
ملتِ ختمِ رسُل شعلہ بہ پیراہن ہے
آج بھی ہو جو براہیم کا ایماں پیدا
آگ کر سکتی ہے اندازِ گلستاں پیدا

J-26. Dēkh kar rang-i-chaman hō na prēshān mālı
Kawkab-i-ghuncha se shākhēṇ haeṇ chamaknē wālı
Khas-o-khāshāk sē hōtā hae gulistāṇ khālı
Gul bar andaz hae khūn-i-shuhadā ki lālı
Rang gardūṇ ka dhrā dekh to 'unnābı hae
Ye nikaltē huē sūraj ki ufaq tābı hae

Let the owner not be mournful
To see his garden's plight,
As soon the branches will be gay
With buds, with and beaming bright;

Leaves and weeds will be swept,
Out of the garden with broom;
Where the martyrs shed their blood
Crimson roses will bloom.

Look upon the deep vermilion
Brightening the eastern skies,
The glow on yonder horizon's brow,
Heralds a new sunrise.

دیکھ کر رنگِ چمن ہو نہ پریشاں مالی

کوکبِ غنچہ سے شاخیں ہیں چمکنے والی

خس و خاشاک سے ہوتا ہے گلستاں خالی

گُل بر انداز ہے خونِ شہدا کی لالی

رنگِ گردوں کا ذرا دیکھ تو عنابی ہے

یہ نکلتے ہوئے سورج کی افق تابی ہے

I-27. Ummatēṇ gulshan-i-hastī mēṇ thamar chīda bhi haeṇ
Awr maḥrūm-i-thamar bhi haeṇ, khazān dīda bhi haeṇ

Saenkṛōṇ baṭn-i-chaman mēṇ abhī pōshīde bhi haeṇ
Nakhl-i-Islām namūna hae barūmandī kā
Phal hae yē saekrōṇ sadyōṇ kī chaman bandī kā
Saenkṛōṇ nakhl haeṇ, kāhīda-o-bālīda bhi haeṇ

In life's garden the people lived
Which collected fruits they toiled.
Others were who reaped nothing
Their harvest autumn destroyed;

Hundreds of plants whither,
Countless remain evergreen,
Hundreds are hid in earth's womb,
And yet are to be seen;

Islam, is an example of tree
Nursed with great care.
Centuries of its gardening
Have produced the fruits it bears.

اُمتیں گلشنِ ہستی میں ثمر چیدہ بھی ہیں
اور محرومِ ثمر بھی ہیں خزاں دیدہ بھی ہیں

سیکڑوں نخل ہیں کاہیدہ بھی بالیدہ بھی ہیں
سیکڑوں بطنِ چمن میں ابھی پوشیدہ بھی ہیں

نخلِ اسلام نمونہ ہے برومندی کا
پھل ہے یہ سیکڑوں صدیوں کی چمن بندی کا

J-28. *Pak hae gard-i-waṭan sē sarē dāman tērā*
Tū wo yūsuf hae ke har miṣr hae kin'āṉ tērā
Qāfila hō na sakē gā kabhı wırāṉ tērā
Ghaer yak bāng-i-darā kuch bhi nahīṉ samaṉ tera
Nakhl-i-sham'a astı-o-dar shu'la dawad rēsha-ı-tū
'Āqibat sōz bawad sāyā-i-andēsha-i-tū

Thy robes are not tainted,
By the dust of native land.
Thou art that "Yousaf" who has,
His "Canaan" in every Egyptian sand

Never will , thy Caravan be,
Made to wander and to waste;
For the journey all thou have,
A starting bell, make haste.

Yea a candle-tree thou art,
In the glows, thy deep roots thrust.
By the umbra of thy thought,
To morrow's cares are baked to dust.

پاک ہے گردِ وطن سے سرِ داماں تیرا
تو وہ یوسف ہے کہ ہر مصر ہے کنعاں تیرا
قافلہ ہو نہ سکے گا کبھی ویراں تیرا
غیر یک بانگِ درا کچھ نہیں ساماں تیرا
نخلِ شمع استی و در شعلہ دَوَد ریشۂ تو
عاقبت سوز بود سایۂ اندیشۂ تو

J-29. Tū na miṭ jā'ē gā irān ke miṭ jānē sē
Nashsha-i-mae kō ta'alluq nahiṇ paemānē sē
Hae 'ayāṇ yōrish-i-tātār ke afsāne sē
Pāsbāṇ mil ga'ē ka'bē ko ṣanam khānē sē
Kishti-i-ḥaq kā zamāne mēṇ sahāra tū hae
'Aṣr-i-naw rāt hae, dhundalā sa sitāra tū hae

Thou will not be decimated
Should Iran's star decline,
Its not the vessel which rules
The sinew of wine;

From the tales of "Tartar" hordes
It stands out, we can see.
The Ka'aba got its care takers
From the droves of idolatry.

On Time's Ocean thou preserve
The fragile vessel of True.
Modern age is rapt in shadows,
But thy star glints faintly through.

تُو نہ مِٹ جائے گا ایران کے مِٹ جانے سے
نشّۂ مے کو تعلّق نہیں پیمانے سے
ہے عیاں یورشِ تاتار کے افسانے سے
پاسباں مل گئے کعبے کو صنم خانے سے
کشتیِ حق کا زمانے میں سہارا تُو ہے
عصرِ نَو رات ہے، دُھندلا سا ستارا تُو ہے

Hae jo hangāma bapā yōrish-i-Bulghārī kā
Ghāfilōṇ ke li'ē paeghām hae bēdārı kā
Tu samajhta hae, ye sāmāṇ hae dilāzārı kā
Imtiḥāṇ hae tire ithār kā, khuddārı kā
Kiyūṇ harāsāṇ hae ṣahīl-i-furus-i-a'dā sē
Nūr-i-ḥaq bujh na sakē gā nafas-i-a'dā sē

The clamor bread by "Bulgarians"
The offensive and aggression;
Is to rouse thou out of vanity
And gird thy self for action.

Suppose not that to harm thy senses,
It is a baleful device.
Is a claim to thy self respect,
And is call to sacrifice.

Why then twitter at the snorting,
Of the war steads of thy foes?
The light Truth could not be quenched,
With breaths which the enemy blows.

ہے جو ہنگامہ بپا یورشِ بلغاری کا
غافلوں کے لیے پیغام ہے بیداری کا
تو سمجھتا ہے یہ ساماں ہے دل آزاری کا
امتحاں ہے ترے ایثار کا، خودداری کا
کیوں ہراساں ہے صہیلِ فرسِ اعدا سے
نورِ حق بجھ نہ سکے گا نفسِ اعدا سے

J-31. Chasm-i-aqwām sē makhfī hae ḥaqīqat tērī
Hae abhī meḥfil-i-hastī ko ḍarūrat tērī
Zinda rakhtī hae zamāne ko ḥarārat tērī
Kawkab-i-qismat-i-imkāṇ hae khilāfat tērī
Waqt-i-furṣat hae kahāṇ kām abhī bāqī hae
Nūr-i-tawḥīd ka itmām abhī bāqī hae

Yet other nation, have not seen
What is thy true worth,
The realm of Being has thy need
For perfecting, this earth.

By thy breath lives the world,
And is kept animate,
And thou shalt its, fated leader
And thou shalt its star of fate.

There's no spell for idle rest,
Much still remains to be done;
Thou have yet to strew "Tawhid,'
The shout that, "God is one"!

چشمِ اقوام سے مخفی ہے حقیقت تیری
ہے ابھی محفلِ ہستی کو ضرورت تیری
زندہ رکھتی ہے زمانے کو حرارت تیری
کوکبِ قسمتِ امکاں ہے خلافت تیری
وقتِ فرصت ہے کہاں کام ابھی باقی ہے
نورِ توحید کا اتمام ابھی باقی ہے

J-32. Mithl-i-bū qaed hae ghunchē mēṇ, parēshāṇ hō jā
Rakht bar dōsh-i-hawā-i-chamanistāṇ hō jā
Hae tunak māyā, to dharrē sē bayābān hō jā
Naghma-i-mawj se hangāma-i-tūfāṇ hō jā
Quwwat-i-'ishq se har past ko bālā kar dē
Dehr mēṇ ism-i-muḥammad sē ujāla kar dē

Thou art like scent in the bud,
Disperse thyself: get release.
Load thy pack upon thy shoulder
Fan the meadow with thy breeze.

From dusty speck, to infinite
Vastness let it increase.
From gentle wave, a tempest grow
The roaring of the seas!

With the power of love
Raise the lowest to fame;
Enlighten thou the groping world
With Muhammad's beaming name.

مثلِ بُو قید ہے غنچے میں، پریشاں ہو جا
رخت بر دوشِ ہوائے چمنستاں ہو جا
ہے تنک مایہ تو ذرّے سے بیاباں ہو جا
نغمۂ موج سے ہنگامۂ طوفاں ہو جا!
قُوّتِ عشق سے ہر پست کو بالا کر دے
دہر میں اسمِ محمدؐ سے اُجالا کر دے

J-33. Hō na yē phūl to bulbul kā trannum bhi na hō
Chaman-i-dahr mēṇ kalyōṇ ka tabassum bhi na hō
Ye na sāqi ho to phir mae bhi na hō, khum bhi na hō
Bazm-i-tawḥid bhi dunyā mēṇ na hō, tum bhi na hō
Khaema aflāk ka istāda isi nām se hae
Nabḍ-i-hasti ṭapash āmāda isi nām se hae

If this flower blossoms not,
The nightingale will not sing,
Nor buds make the garden smile
Welcoming in the spring;

If he is not the "Saqi" then
Nor vessel nor wine will be,
Nor in the world "Tawhid" shine,
Nor thy heart wags in thee;

Beneath the giant sky's tent,
This name like pole sustains,
And treading to its music, streams
The blood in life's veins

ہو نہ یہ پھول تو بلبل کا ترنم بھی نہ ہو
چمنِ دہر میں کلیوں کا تبسم بھی نہ ہو
یہ نہ ساقی ہو تو پھر مے بھی نہ ہو خم بھی نہ ہو
بزمِ توحید بھی دنیا میں نہ ہو تم بھی نہ ہو

خیمہ افلاک کا اِستادہ اسی نام سے ہے
نبضِ ہستی تپش آمادہ اسی نام سے ہے

J-34. Dasht mēṇ, dāman-i-kohsār mēṇ, maedān mēṇ hae
Baḥr mēṇ, mawj kī āghōsh mēṇ, ṭūfān mēṇ hae
Chīn kē sher, marāqash ke bayābān mēṇ hae
Awr pōshīda musalmān kē īmān mēṇ hae
Chasm-i-aqwām ye naẓẓara abad tak dēkhē
Rif'at-i-shān-i-rafa'nā laka dhikrak dēkhē

He is in the dales and hills,
And on the poised plains.
On the seas, in the lap of waves,
In bellows of hurricanes:

His music is heard in China,
In Morocco's desert - His song.
He is hidden in Muslim's heart,
Which makes his faith grow strong.

Let all the people on the earth,
See till the eternal time.
And testify Our saying,
We have made thy name sublime!.

دشت میں، دامنِ کہسار میں، میدان میں ہے
بحر میں، موج کی آغوش میں، طوفان میں ہے
چین کے شہر، مراقش کے بیابان میں ہے
اور پوشیدہ مسلمان کے ایمان میں ہے
چشمِ اقوام یہ نظارہ ابد تک دیکھے
رفعتِ شانِ رَفَعْنَا لَکَ ذِکْرَک دیکھے

J-35. Mardum-i-chasm-i-zamiṇ ya'ni wo kālī dunyā
Wo tumhāre shuhadā pālne wālī dunyā
Garmiyē mehr ki parwardah, hilālī dunyā
'Ishq wālē jise kehtē haeṇ bilālī dunyā
Ṭapash andōz hae is nām se pārē ki ṭaraḥ
Ghōṭah zan nūr mēṇ hae ānkh ke tāre ki ṭaraḥ

The black regions of the globe,
That pupil of the eye of earth.
That land which nursed the martyrs
The land of their birth.

The land of fervid love,
That land of the - Hilal
Which lovers faith fondly calls
That land of their "Bilal".

It glitters like mercury
At the echo of His name
Like a sparkle in the eye
Dunked in "Noor", divine flame!

مردمِ چشمِ زمیں یعنی وہ کالی دنیا
وہ تمھارے شہدا پالنے والی دنیا
گرمیِ مہر کی پروردہ ہلالی دنیا
عشق والے جسے کہتے ہیں بلالی دنیا

تپش اندوز ہے اس نام سے پارے کی طرح
غوطہ زن نور میں ہے آنکھ کے تارے کی طرح

J-36. 'Aql hae tēri sipar, 'ishq hae shamshir tiri
Mire darwēsh khilafat hae jahangir tiri
Mā siwa Allāh ke li'ē āg hae takbir tiri
Tu musalmāṇ hō to taqdir hae tadbir tiri
Ki muḥammad se wafa tū ne to ham tērē haeṇ
Yeh jahāṇ chiz he kae kiyā, lawḥ-o-qalam tērē haeṇ

Wisdom is thy shield and sword
The flaring Love Divine,
So accoutered, my "Dervish"
Seize the world, it is thine?

God is great, is sparkling flame
The sounds of thy "Takbeer" great;
If thou art a true Muslim,
Thy elbow greeze, thy fate.

If thou break not faith with "Muhammad",
We shell always remain, for thee;
What alone is this universe,
TheTablet and our Pen, "THY" PRIZE SHALL BE"

عقل ہے تیری سپر عشق ہے شمشیر تری

مرے درویش! خلافت ہے جہانگیر تری

ما سوی اللہ کے لیے آگ ہے تکبیر تری

تو مسلماں ہو تو تقدیر ہے تدبیر تری

کی محمدؐ سے وفا تو نے تو ہم تیرے ہیں

یہ جہاں چیز ہے کیا لوح و قلم تیرے ہیں

اقبال اکادمی